

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

COLORS AND BONNETS FOR EARLY FALL ARE DISCUSSED.

Tints Will Blend Softly—Black Still a Favorite—Characteristics of the New Hats—Trimmings, &c.

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"What will the harvest be?" sings the Salvationist, and "What will the harvest be?" wonders the returned sun-kissed maiden. But the latter's query differs from the former's, notwithstanding its seeming similarity. She is interested in a great gathering of precious souls, it is true, but her thoughts wander to their material manifestation, and she would like to know what appearance that gathering will present when it meets for the first social event of the fall season. Will it be grave or gay, heavy or light, smiling or sober? Will it be all of a tone from top to bottom, or will it be a kaleidoscopic arrangement of bright shades? Let me satisfy the maiden's curiosity.

The autumn season will be a quiet, sensible one. Autumn colors? Yes, you will see them, but not in the brilliant, frosty shades; rather in richer and unobtrusive oak tints, burnt reds, auburns, brown reds, and the like, merging later, it may be, into brown, plain and simple. Then the late summer tints—blue and periwinkle, suggesting lilac as well as blue shades—will continue to be worn. Pinks and reds will be assigned to minor roles, and will appear generally in connection with black. There are also the genuine purple tints, from the light wisteria shades to the deep bishop's purple and still darker shade known as lilac. Black will be a feature of the fall gown. Many costumes will be entirely black, so that our fall styles promise to be quiet and in excellent taste.

The September and October hat will faintly foreshadow the winter styles, and still suggest the daintiness of the summer creations. But little felt will be worn, until it seems quite certain that the cool days will be continuous. A substitute for all felt is the braid of fine felt or satin strands, forming part of the make-up of a number of the new hats. These follow the fancy appearance of the summer straws, and are crossed and caught with silk cordings, to lighten the effect.

The fall hat has a complex, eccentric individuality. It is erratic, and refuses to comply with rules and regulations. You never know what it will be next. It sticks out here, and falls in there. It droops at the back and sticks up somewhere else. Sometimes it has a flat crown, sometimes a high narrow one.

The small jet hats are very popular for this month, with the crown usually made of spangles. The trimmings are wings, quills—jetted and plain—and feathers in the stiff and curling effects. Long plumes are seen on the larger hats.

A dainty golden brown has a crown of gold embroideries, in open squares, laid over black satin. Around it are twisted thick folds of golden-brown velvet, knotting in loops in front, caught down with a plain jet buckle, round and slender. At the right side a single loop stands boldly out.

A dainty afternoon style, for receptions and calling, has an open crown made of a single ring of delicate fancy straw in the bluest shade. All about it are clustered small loops of the straw, interlaced and looped with white lace. A fan of it stands in front, stabbed with two pins that have large, blue hearts, and are set about with brilliants.

Another which is still more unique is of daring American beauty pink, in mirror velvet. The crown is narrow and high, made of the fine braided strands of felt already described. They are separated by open work of fine pink curls so that the crown bears no suggestion of weight. There is no brim; but in its place, there are twistings of the bright velvet, arranged in loops about the crown, loops that stand squarely out over the head, and are wound at the base with more velvet. At the front is a thick mass of black netting, and a long, curving jet buckle shows between the pink folds.

There are many all black hats, generally trimmed with the curling feather effects and wide satin ribbons. Rosettes and long loops will be seen, but no ends. Besides the satin ribbons, there are also the crushed velvet, or mirror, ribbons. Not only feathers, but birds, will be a great feature of the fall hat. The graceful black bird is the favorite, and he is often massed with cruel lavishness on the broad brim of a shining beaver. In cases where the felt hat is worn, even at this early date, it is either a plain, smooth one, or a lustrous beaver. The new crowns seen on these are large and sloping, coming gradually to a high, round top. Brims are wide, arched in front, and turned up at the back in many curves.

The sailor reappears, of course and it is of medium size, with low, square crown. Many are doubled at the edge, with dull felt, and the beavers have a band of dull felt for a facing, with both edges bound with braid.

A pretty thing in curves and flutings, has a whole family of black-birds perched on the stems and fine leaves with which the hat is trimmed. There are loopings of ribbon between.

The bicycle suit necessarily grows

basque, which is lined with satin and trimmed with insertion.

The upper part is faced to yoke depth with the satin. A stylish bertha ruffle outlines the round yoke, the ends being caught together in front by a windmill bow of satin lined loops.

The full "gigot" sleeves of satin are tastefully arranged over fitted linings. A curate collar of lace finishes the neck. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40 inches.

more dressy. The long tours which are now taken on this most convenient vehicle, call for a garment which will serve a dual purpose; for the bicyclist frequently stops, for the way and performs a social duty. It was some time before she was received with favor in the new party, for the sight of her always sent a little shock through her hostess—owing to the novelty of her appearance, no doubt. But of course she couldn't expect the dear girl to travel with a bag or trunk; and therefore it came about that she learned to welcome her with open arms, cycling suit and all. But the wheelist, desiring to lessen the shock as much as possible, makes her jacket or blouse conform, as closely as she may, to the regulation walking jacket. She has her puffed sleeve, her revers and neat short front; and if you do not look below her waist, you will find nothing extraordinary in her appearance.

Playing Water Polo.

Water polo is a game gradually coming into favor with the many clubs in England. Nineteen entries have been secured for this year's championship, including clubs from Nottingham, Birmingham, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Stockton, Burslem, Swindon, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells and Sheerness, in addition to the Nautilus, Otter, Amateur and other prominent metropolitan organizations. Last year the cup was won by the Tunbridge Wells team, which beat Hanley in the final tie by three goals to one. Both the universities have good teams.

London can boast of a Water Polo League, with sixteen clubs (in four divisions) in the senior competition, and fifteen clubs (in four divisions) in the junior competition. The city houses also conduct a water polo championship on the league principle, by which each club has to meet every other club. The Amateur Swimming Association has arranged inter-district matches between the South, Midlands, and North, to take place in August and September, while the annual contest between England and Scotland is to take place at Nottingham on October 1. At present each country can claim two victories.

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN WOMEN AND THINGS.

Society at Bar Harbor—Helen Gould's Scheme—Mrs. Fawcett's Photographs of "University Babies."

Yale, Columbia, and Harvard picture frames—the making of them, that is—be-gle the time of many pretty girls these late Summer mornings. A piece of water-color paper, 6 inches square, has a two-inch square taken out of its centre. On this border is drawn tiny flags, the shape of the college pins, which are afterward painted in water color, true blue for Yale, crimson for fair Harvard, and so on through the list. These are mounted on a six-inch square of Bristol board, gummed at three sides only, the fourth and top side being left for the picture. The young collegians who are beginning to think again of Alma Mater are the recipients of these dainty little cases, and it is an ungallant chap indeed who does not beg the counterfeit presentment of the fair maker to glory in the frame.

As women, says the "Commercial advertiser" are into everything else a new field is opened to them in the military line and as the idea is English it ought to take at once. In England a brigade of volunteers has been recruited exclusively from among women. This accounts for the popularity of fencing among the fashionable English belles, but some of the great ladies of Mayfair are great shots as well and have laid tigers and even lions and elephants low. There is nothing so absurd in the idea when it is remembered that Queen Victoria is a colonel of dragoons and reviews her army in the scarlet and gold coat of a general, while the princess of Wales is also colonel of a Danish regiment and the duchess of Connaught commands the 5th regiment of Prussian infantry. The empress of Russia is colonel-in-chief of four regiments of Muscovite cavalry and Queen Olga of Greece is a petticoated admiral. A few lady colonels or commodores would be a pleasant innovation.

"The Duchess" resides near Bandon, only an hour from Cork by rail. There the popular authoress lives remote from the haunts of men in an old-fashioned

ed all around Berlin and met the outgoing train at a village on the other side. But Coquelin faced the Prussian lions and escaped unhurt. Perhaps Saran may still be brave and change her mind.

Says Jeannette Wallworth, in the Mail and Express. It takes all sorts of women to make a world. Only all of them don't like to be called women, and a great many of them don't deserve to be. The Duchess of Athole, for instance, she was lady in waiting to Queen Victoria, and was at Balmoral with her Majesty on one occasion when John Brown was sent to summon her into the royal presence. Meeting her unexpectedly he said: "Hoot, ma'am; yer just the woman I was looking for." The enraged Duchess complained of the indignity to her royal mistress, who simply asked her "what she was if not a woman." Queen Victoria, however, is not without her own ideas of class distinction. She is not at all kindly disposed toward perverses. Lord Brassey, the son of the great railroad contractor, was, through political considerations, made lord in waiting to the Queen. She conceived a great distaste to him and he resigned. It is said that her Majesty could not forget the fact that his father had worked his way up from the position of a day laborer and that his mother had once upon a time peddled matches in the streets of Liverpool.

One does not often hear of such freaks of fortune in the tight little island. On this side of the water, now—where very large oaks grow from very small acorns—nothing surprises one.

Society at Bar Harbor does not now differ in any particularly sad manner from good society anywhere else, except that it is rather more cosmopolitan. When the guests at a small dinner or luncheon may have come from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Chicago, it is impossible that the conversation should fall into that jargon of a clique which often makes the talk of the most centralized society, like that of Paris or London, seem narrow and provincial to the unfortunate outsider. One amusing survival of the simpler early days is the habit of going out in the evening in uncovered traps. There are a few private broughams, but if you are dining out, and happen to reach the house as a lady drives up, the chances are that you will help her to alight from an open buckboard, her smart French frack shrouded in a long cloak and her head more or less muffled and protected. One or two of the livery stables have hacks which must have been very old when they were brought from Bangor, and which now hold together almost by a miracle. A year or two ago one of them could never be sent out without two men on the box, not indeed for the sake of lending the turnout any fictitious splendor, because one of them had to "mind the door," which was broken, and could neither be shut nor opened by anyone inside. If two or three entertainments take place on the same night there is telephoning, loud and long for these antediluvian vehicles, as the only other alternative is to take a sort of carry-all with leather side curtains which have a treacherous way of blowing open and dropping small water spouts down the back of one's neck.

Miss Helen Gould proposes to beautify Roxbury, Delaware County, the birthplace of her father, where she has erected a church to his memory. She has bought a large tract of low land surrounded by hills, through which a stream fed by a never-failing spring flows. Several thousand dollars will make the lowland beautiful and add to the attractiveness of the village as a summer resort. Miss Gould is also interested with others at Roxbury in a movement to build a handsome summer hotel.

Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late Postmaster-General of England, and mother to the girl who was "above the senior wrangler" at Cambridge University, has just presented to Newnham College the large collection that she made of photographs of babies whose mothers have received a university education. These vigorous and healthy looking infants make havoc of the assertion that the higher education of women unfits them for the first duty that they owe to their country and to the race.

The plan proposed for the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, which it is expected will be organized this coming winter is to arrange the clubs represented in groups. These would include literary, educational, scientific, industrial, professional, and the rest, and under this scheme every interest will find its proper place and development.

The preliminary conference will be held on the 15th and 20th of November, and every woman's club in New York State is asked to take part in it.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's son Arnold is the clever son of a clever mother. He has just won a scholarship which gives him \$200 a year during his university career.

Col. Craddock tells the following story in his usually unique style in the Paris Kentuckian Citizen: "Yes, you may record in The Kentuckian Citizen that I am the tallest of the Baptists," said Miss Anna Luman of Mount Carmel vicinity, at the Baptist Association, at Mayslick. "I am six feet six inches in full dress, and weigh 143 pounds. One brother same height, my father six feet four inches and 213 pounds, but mother is only five feet five. I wear a No. six shoe and six and three-quarters gloves. The Luman Brothers, furniture dealers of Winchester, are my brothers. I am a farmer, my father giving me a fine estate of over 100 acres." We added: "Well, if you desire a partner, I'm a bachelor, and almost felt I'd like a woman I could look up to." She is a most interesting conversationalist.

An Accidental Juxtaposition of facts, says Printers' Ink, resulted in the appearance of a laughable paragraph in a recent issue of the Brooklyn Times, under the heading of church news: "The Rev. Dr. Crowder, of Rockville Centre Methodist Episcopal Church, will exchange pulpits to-morrow morning with the Rev. Mr. Hudson, of the Baptist church. In the evening, Dr. Crowder will occupy his own pulpit taking for his subject, 'Behold, I Have Played the Fool.'"



Fishing with a "Spreader."

The men who like to go fishing, and who don't care what they catch, no matter what it is, so long as it bites, outnumber those who take particular tackle and look for special fish about ten to one. It is all one to them whether they catch eels, suckers, mud turtles, toadfish, bluefish, or bass, or crabs. It was one of these men who went home proudly last summer with a basket full of Sally Growlers.

Such a man has wisdom and philosophy. He is apt also to be an even more expert fisherman than the man with fancy traps, who goes in for nothing but trout, wide-mouthed bass, muskallonge, or some others of the so-called game fish.

He can begin his fishing season as early in the spring as worms can be dug, and keep it up until they fall and the shrimps disappear in the fall, and need never go more than a few miles from home at that, if he live on any of our near-by waters.

To this man the spreader is recommended. If you are such a fisherman, if you delight in catching sunfish, perch, little striped bass, catfish, snapping mackerel, school weakfish, lafayettes, and such fish, and haven't got spreaders, get some. They used to be on sale in almost every fishing-tackle store, but there are many now who do not keep them. If you can't buy them, make your own.

This is all there is of it. Take a piece of springy brass wire about as thick as a fine knitting needle and fourteen inches or so long. Twist an eye in the middle of it and another at each end, bend the whole into a half circle, and it is complete. You attach your line to the centre eye and snell hooks to the end ones. If you need a sniker, attach that to a short cord and let it hang down from the centre. The obvious advantage of the spreader is that it keeps your hooks apart, but it also has many other desirable effects. The line is rendered more sensitive, the hooks are kept at the same depth, and the spreader is so elastic that a fish once hooked can seldom tear loose.

In running streams it also lets the baits play at just the right distance free of the ground to make the bait taking.

Irish house renowned for its hospitality, and surrounded by a husband and six children who never find that her literary work interferes in any way with her duties as house-mother. She does all her writing during the morning hours in a room which, though supposed to be her study, is not sacred from any household intruder. Were it not that Mrs. Hungerford possesses the secret of method, she could not get through all she does. Each story is the outcome of a bundle of notes taken at all times on odd scraps of paper—the back of a letter, the edge of a newspaper, or on the address side of a postcard. She is a conscientious worker and takes care that all her references and the bits of verses with which she embellishes her stories are correct and apposite. Not content with being a novelist, Mrs. Hungerford contrives to get through a certain amount of journalistic work. Most of her novels are syndicated in America, and also run through in serial form some prominent English society magazine.

Although very popular with her fellow writers and a member of the society of authors, Mrs. Hungerford can seldom find time to come to London, and she is thus much less known than many a less famous writer who has nothing like her record.

Small and dark, she has the vivacious Irish temperament, and thoroughly enters into all she does, be it work or play.

Madame Bernhard's aunt died recently in the New Frederick strasse. It is not generally known that the "divine Sarah's" mother was a poor Berlin Jewess. She lived somewhere in a narrow street in the Jewish quarter and earned a meager living by her needle. One day when times were hard and money scarce she went to Paris; and they say Sarah was the first exciting incident which came into her life there. Sarah followed the profession of her mother and became a dressmaker. Later, during the Franco-Prussian war, she conceived such a hatred for the Prussians that she never since then put her foot in their capital. Once on her way to St. Petersburg, rather than pass through a city where lived an Emperor who had so abused her France, she lengthened her journey a whole day and had her private car haul-



LADY'S BODICE, No. 1044.

Old blue silk and wool crepon is here effectively combined with black satin antique, and trimmed with black silk lace insertion.

The full front and back of the stylish basque is disposed in overlapping plaits, and drawn in pointed outline on the lower edge over fitted linings. An added peplum finishes the lower edge of the

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